

Volume One

Number One

The Chatterbox



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Vol. I.

LITTLETON, N. C., APRIL, 1907.

No. 1.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

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Literary Department

As Seen by Me in Swampy Hollow.

HELEN A. EARNHARDT, '08.

"Helen," said my father, entering my room one spring day, "I am going out in the Swampy Hollow district to see some of my poorer members; I will be out there several days, and if you wish to spend several days in adventure and fun, get one of your friends and go out to see Mary Jones." How welcome this idea was my reader can hardly guess, for this had been for us a dull spring, indeed; and, too, a visit to Mary was one of our delights, for we always welcomed the idea of the big trees, the good meals, and the neat little home out there, and above all, the cordial welcome that her parents always gave us.

No sooner had my father finished than I jumped up, snatched up my hat from the rack as I passed through the hall, and was on my way to the home of my friend, Clee Reel.

"Clee," I said, bursting into her room, "Papa says he'll

take us out to Mary's to spend a few days if we'll get ready by this evening. Please don't refuse; think of the fun we will have. Come, let me help you pack your valise now."

And so it happened that at about four o'clock that evening the horse and buggy were brought around to the front door, and papa, Clee and I set out to spend a memorable three days in the very backwoods of the country, about eight miles from our home. The road we took lay through a very dense wood, broken here and there by clearings on which little log cabins were built; not a sign of life was visible, only now and then, when we would pass these huts, we would hear a scrambling, and immediately every window, door, crack, and step seemed to be filled with children, dogs and cats, who stare at us with open mouth and wondering eyes, which seemed to get larger and larger. But as our horse was a fast trotter, our journey was very short. We soon emerged into an open space of several acres, in the middle of which was situated a neat little white house that always reminded me of

"Often in a wooden house a golden room we find,"

when I compared it to the other houses around. This was the home of Mary Jones.

"Girls," said papa, while helping us out of the buggy, "I cannot stop here with you this evening; I must be going on. Of course you know your friend, Mary, is a nice cultured girl, but I can't say that of some of her neighbors, and if you are thrown with them, please try not to laugh at them too much before their face." We gave our promise and walked on toward the house. We were met at the door by Mary who, after having us remove our hats, took us into the little sitting room where we chatted until supper. The supper, which was prepared rather for enjoyment than display, was not a surprise to us, for we always looked forward to the good, old-time, country meals at Mary's home, and we were never disappointed. That evening and the next morning

we spent in reading and sleeping. But imagine our joy on receiving a letter like this the next evening:

Swampye Holler
Maie 24.

Deer mis Mary,

I jist take the libertie of writing this here missive

to perform you that there is gwinter be a gaverin at mis Smith's ter knite an I wanter ax you all to be thare. Jack Sims will be by ater you all tersevening.

From
Mister Joe Siar Blande
To Mis Mary Jones.

P. S. Plese excuse me fer mising that thare line up thare
Joe Siar Blande.

And again, imagine our surprise while waiting for Mr. Simms to arrive, when what should we see at the gate other than ten oxen hitched to a large wagon that seemed to have about thirty or forty guests in it. After being introduced to the guests with many scrapes and bows and after we were helped into the wagon, Mr. Simms said, "Haint much room, guess you all will have to hang your feet outer the back." So in grand style we started. All went well for about a mile, but alas! the driver's thoughts fell by the wayside, or rather, to a little figure by his side; and I guess the oxen found it out some way, for soon the wagon ceased to move. I, not knowing what had happened toward the front, and hearing a sound as if one of the oxen was pulling his foot out of the mud, stood up to see what was going on. Ye gods and little fishes! what a scene met my eyes! I quickly called my companions to help me enjoy it. There sat Simms, talking very earnestly to his girl, forgetful of everything else around him, and, it appeared that the same fever had spread to all the others—except us three—for some seemed to have just received a favorable reply and were sealing it with a loud buss (which accounts for the noise that I heard); and others were a little advanced, for they had received their answer, sealed it and had gone to

sleep with a happy smile on their faces, dreaming of the "sweet bye and bye," perhaps. But this scene was not to last very long, for it seems that Simms soon received his favorable reply, sealed it more loudly than any one of the others had done, and immediately awoke to the fact that the oxen had stopped, and were waiting for their reply, which he soon gave them, and we moved on as before. After what seemed an age to myself and companions, we arrived at our destination. We alighted and were ushered by a fat old woman into a big, dimly-lighted room, the only furniture of which was the bashful youths and simpering maidens who stood around like wall flowers. And my! what dressing. Behold the giggling maidens with dresses of yellow, pink, and blue, so stiffly starched that they stand out about a yard or two—and sashes of different colors, tied in prim little bows, with ends reaching to the bottom of their skirts. Their hair, also, was quite a sight. Some had it slicked back so tight that I wondered if they could close their eyes; others had it arranged in prim little curls that fell over their shoulders quite gracefully. But the boys—O! my sakes—but here my observations came to a close, for an old man came out on the platform which was in the front of the room and announced that the concert would begin now by a composition on the horse by Johnny Snipes, and forthwith Johnny marched forth, cleared his throat and began in a high, squeaking voice,

"THE HOSS.

The hoss are an annable with fore legs attached to each corner an a tale swinging on behind. There is seberal kins of hosses such as hoss-flies, hoss-shoes, hoss-radishes, hoss—" But here we never learned what other kinds of horses there were, for we had to suddenly fly for the porch so as to regain our solemnity; and at last, when we returned to the scene of action, the concert was over and the bashful youths were sidling up to their girls to ask for some favor, and the girls, in

their turn, had applied their gay pocket handkerchiefs to their faces and were giggling behind them, and looking over the tops of them at their ardent admirers; and now it was our turn to apply our handkerchiefs to our faces, though we couldn't look over them just then, and no ardent admirer appeared before us. But sakes alive! do my eyes deceive me? Can that be Ichabod Crane coming toward us? But look, he has stopped before Clee and is asking her to go buy some lemonade with him; and of course she accepts. Just then I felt a pull at my arm, and I turned and followed Mary out near the lemonade stand where we could hear every word said; and to my wonder Clee's beau called for but one glass of lemonade. They waited patiently for it to be made, and when it had been brought to them Clee's beau took it up and began to gulp it down. About the time he got half way through he stopped, and looking over the glass, said to Clee, "H-u-h, it's good; you had better buy you some."

Well, Mary and I got away as fast as we could, and soon Clee joined us, blushing still.

And so the night advanced, the party at last broke up, and we arrived at home just as the dawn was appearing over the hills. We slept all the next day to pay up for lost time. But our visit came too soon to a close, for papa appeared the next morning, telling us that we must return home that morning. So with many regrets, we returned home, never to forget our adventure in Swampy Hollow.

Henry Van Dyke---The Poet.

L. L.

To judge fairly and justly the works of a man who still lives is a difficult matter. Even great critics have found it so in times past; and if the present venture comes short of the absolute truth, it need not seem strange. For while the personality of a writer is still fresh, the real truth as to his real worth is a matter scarcely to be determined; the fires of personal feeling are not easily quenched. Even while the voices of the greatest are still heard among us, there are those who will be always decrying them, and others who will be doing them equal injustice with overpraise. Shakespeare and Milton were as underpraised in their own day as Byron was overrated in his. To Van Dyke, the subject of the present venture in criticism, this applies only in part. He is indeed still among us, and has already won for himself an enviable reputation in the field of contemporary American letters; yet I think no one would so far mistake as to see in him a possible Shakespeare or even a Byron. His life has been a busy one and his activities varied. He has been not only a man of letters, but a clergyman and a college professor as well; and, while literature has been more with him than a mere pastime, it has not been—and necessarily so, too—a serious art. Critics may mistake, therefore, in their judgments of him, but there will not be room for them to go very far wrong. His works are of too much worth to be counted of no account, but they are at the same time not so great as that storms of personal feeling should rise about them.

What has been said of Van Dyke's literary labors in general—namely, that he has been too busy to give his entire time to literature and that consequently, literature has not been with him a serious art—applies to his poetry in particular. He has published three small volumes of verse, written at odd times during his career. Of the three, the last published,

"Music and Other Poems," seems to be the most fortunate attempt, not only in form and finish, but in general choice of subject-matter as well. In many instances, the style is graceful and pleasing, and often the theme is well chosen. But saying so much by no means signifies that the poems are entitled to rank in the first order of poetry, or even that they are entitled to high rank. A style may be graceful, but can it be favorably compared with Milton's "grand style?" A style may be pleasing, but how does it appear when placed in company with the style of Homer and Shakespeare? The theme of a poem may be such as will catch and hold the popular ear for a time, but will it bear being read together with literature that has resisted the attacks of centuries of critics by sheer reason of its fitness to survive? These questions must be answered when we come to decide the relative merit or demerit of a poet, for it is only by comparisons with our loftiest standards that we discover success or failure, high or low rank: the whole question is one of degrees. From Van Dyke I read,

"Sweet in the glow of morning light,
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf of night,"

and I say that it is very well said; it is very pleasing to the ear; but if I read,

"When thou hast friends and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,"

I feel at once a power, a strength of expression that is lacking in the former quotation, and I feel, at the same time, the grip, the force, the truth of the moral idea conveyed by those words. When I read from Van Dyke

"Not from my torch the gleam
But from the stars above,
Not from my heart life's crystal stream
But from the depths of Love,"

in spite of the setness and stereotyped turn of the form, I

feel a naturalness and a sincerity that comes straight from the man's heart, and one must honor him for that; but when I read Milton's sublime words beginning,

"What is dark in me, illumine, what is low
Raise and support—"

I feel the touch of a man who had not only a larger poetic gift, but of a man who had a wider view, deeper insight. With the larger gift of these "masters of the mind"—with their felicity of manner, with their catholic outlook upon and deep knowledge of the affairs of human life—the poetic gift of a lesser light like Dr. Van Dyke could not easily be confounded. He lacks their grand style, he lacks their deep inspiration. Very far below these is he in the rank of poetic worth. Far below Tennyson, far below Shelley—coming down to our own literature, he is far below Bryant, far below Lanier even, to whom he yet bears in some respects a striking resemblance. For these are men of genius; Van Dyke is little more than a gifted or talented verse-maker.

It is evident from the quotations that I have made—and if it is not, further study will show it—that the poetry of Dr. Van Dyke falls far short of the highest standards. Much of it indeed can scarcely be dignified by the name of poetry; verse would be a more appropriate term to apply to it. The first defect, then, that I find with Van Dyke is that he lacks originality. It may be said that there is nothing new under the sun, that every writer unconsciously absorbs and reproduces much of what has been written before him. So much may be granted, and still the criticism will hold. For many a great writer has been influenced by great writers who have gone before him and has still been original; he may have caught and improved upon the manner of other writers, yet the spirit of his great personality has permeated every page that he wrote; he may have hastened to the messages of other poets, yet the message that he has given has been the message for his own age and for no other. Tennyson and Arnold were

both influenced by their study of the classics, yet no one would accuse them of lack of originality for a very obvious reason: they gave to the world much that was their very own, much that had not been said before or so well said. With Van Dyke, this is not the case. He has much to say that is good and helpful, but he has no great or new message to give. He says little or nothing that has not been said before, and said better. Even what he does say is not put in a strikingly individual way. The influence of Tennyson, with whom he is closely in sympathy, is clearly evident.

Van Dyke lacks not only originality, he is lacking in force and power as well. His poetry is characterized less by great faults than by absence of positive virtues; less by absolute weakness than by lack of force. Not entirely so; for in the poems called "Peace" and "God of the Open Air," there is a certain strength as well as beauty; but in general we have not here that beautiful and powerful application of ideas to life that brings with it force and weight. About much of his poetry there are the marks of mediocrity—mediocrity none the less for its being sweet and pleasing. Dr. Van Dyke lacks profound poetic inspiration; in other words, he lacks the certain "indefinable newness and unexpectedness which we call *genius*."

So much may be said by way of determining Van Dyke's place in literature, in the realm of poetry. There is no doubt, I think, that he is not a great poet. His field is too limited, his scope too narrow for that. He has indeed, I believe, given a more valuable contribution to our literature in his prose writings. His sympathetic estimate of Tennyson is deservedly popular. "Little Rivers," a series of charming descriptive papers, is as delightful reading of its kind as may be found; and the "Gospel for an Age of Doubt" has been called "a brilliant setting forth and interpretation of the modern intellectual situation." I have reviewed all three of these, and they are well worth the reading. They reveal

the man of liberal culture. They are sincere, artistic and scholarly; and that is saying much.

But to return to Dr. Van Dyke's poetry. It may be well for purposes of absolute criticism to judge Dr. Van Dyke's poetry by the highest standards, yet after all, in common thought, it may seem a little unnecessary. He is manifestly not "a great and puissant spirit," and he does not even aspire to that rank. He knows his limitations and keeps well within them. I have said that the question of rank in poetry, of poetic gift, is one of degrees. So it is, and I have tried to show that Van Dyke has not the poetical gift of the highest order, or even of a very high order. But in some degree he does possess it. His poetry is more than mere cheap, sentimental, popular nonsense—and a great deal more. None of it is as great as Tennyson's best poetry or as great as Byron's greatest poetry, but some of it is better than much that Tennyson wrote, better than much that Byron wrote and better even than much that Wordsworth wrote. I think no one of them would need to be ashamed of having written such a poem as *Peace*, particularly the lines that read,

"One is on the mountain height
Uplifted in the loneliness of night
Beyond the realm of shadows—fine
And far and clear—where advent of the night
Means only glorious nearness of the stars . . ."

or again,

"Thou . . .
Dost watch the everlasting fields grow white
Unto the harvest of the sons of light
And welcome to thy dwelling place sublime
The few strong souls that dare to climb
The slippery crags and find thee on the height."

A preëminent virtue of Van Dyke's poetry I would assign as sincerity. To those who have read him thoughtfully and sympathetically, I think the truth of this statement will be unquestionable. What he has written, I believe he has felt,

and felt to be true. His lyrics, small and unambitious though they are, come straight from his heart; and his heart, so far as I can discover, is thoroughly sweet-spirited and sympathetic. The spirit of his poetry, furthermore, is sane and wholesome. There is an atmosphere of flowers and woods and sunshine, of outdoor life, in it. His plea is above all for simpleness and naturalness; he counsels us to strive for "peace of soul and simpleness of mind."

"Lost long ago that garden bright and pure
Lost, that calm day, too perfect to endure
And lost the childlike love that worshipped and was
sure!

For men have dulled their eyes with sin,
And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt
And built their temple walls to shut thee in
And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.
But not for thee the closing of the door

O Spirit unconfined!

Thy ways are free

As is the wandering wind

And thou hast wooed thy children, to restore
Their fellowship with thee

In peace of soul and simpleness of mind."

An old lesson, surely; but one that men have needed to learn; and need today more than ever. Van Dyke's poetry is further pervaded by a noble ethical tone. His is the voice of a man thoroughly at peace with his own conscience, who has kept his faith in "peace of soul and simpleness of mind."

I doubt whether Van Dyke will ever write poetry of permanent and lasting value—certainly he has not done so thus far. Of the books of the hour and books for all time into which Ruskin divides all literature, I should unhesitatingly place his poetry in the former class. But a man may produce no really great literature, and yet do great good, inestimable service, with what he does write. This I believe to be the case with Dr. Van Dyke. His influence is thoroughly sweet, sane and wholesome, and already many have felt the touch of

that influence. To have continually among us a greater number of men like Dr. Van Dyke would be to insure greater culture to a greater number, would be to make the spirit of the American commonwealth sweeter, nobler, stronger. He is doing a work that a man of greater genius than himself perhaps could not and would not do so well. To quote from one of his own works: "It is not required of every man to be or to do something great. Most of us must content ourselves with taking small parts in the chorus, as far as possible without discord. Shall we have no little lyrics because Homer and Dante have written great epics? And because we have heard the great organ at Friburg, shall the sound of Kathi's zither in the alpine hut please us no more?"

Art in the South---What It Is and What It Should Be.

R. W. E., '08.

When considering "Art in the South" is it necessary to determine what is meant by art. Webster said: "The fine arts are those which have primarily to do with the imagination and taste, and are applied to the production of what is beautiful. They include poetry, music, painting, engraving, sculpture, and architecture, but the term is often confined to painting," and it is in this particular sense that we are to consider art.

No one realizes more clearly what effect the Civil War would have upon art in the South than a Southerner. Just after the war, the majority of people were left very poor and they were not able to pay for the study of what seemed to them this less important art, which is, in truth, so very needful in most all branches of work.

When the Southerners realized the need of art, they began to learn it. But it is sad that so few have succeeded in reaching a very high degree in the profession. The main reason of this is that the student wishes to paint right at first. He does not care to spend the time necessary in learning to draw. The charcoal has no charms for the beginner,—for, in most cases, the beginners are in their "teens" and do not see the need of drawing. Of course they have to take drawing to a certain extent before they can paint, but they do not care to thoroughly master this most necessary part. Beckwith says: "The alluring palette and big brush should be kept out of sight of the student until he has mastered his proportions and can draw his 'academic.'" If it were, art would not be studied as it is, but the training would be thorough. If I may be allowed to quote Beckwith again, he says: "The great error of art students has been the desire to paint too soon. The one fault of different schools throughout the country has

been to allow students to paint before they know how to draw."

There is an art school at Atlanta, but the most that is learned about art in this fair Southland is learned at the colleges and seminaries, where the literary course is so full there is not the time to devote to the study of art as the student often wishes to do. There is not enough time to study art so as to be able to create new ideas, so one gets into the habit of copying those quite worn. One of the things in favor of teaching art in the schools where the course is so full is that the students get a taste of the beauty in art, and under the influence of the teacher (from her proficiency in the study of art) long for a broader knowledge in this work, and aspire to learn art as it should be learned.

I have already shown that there is not sufficient "bringing out" of the original powers by the fact that so many students want to copy pictures for the sake of "having pictures" instead of learning to draw and work from still life. There can be no individuality or originality in continually copying, no matter how many artists you copy from. The Southern student, in copying, goes into the minutest details to produce a finished painting just as near like the model as possible. The student in this way loses speed in his work, which is very necessary to the china painter. And besides losing speed, his originality and individuality are in danger of being absorbed. He does not know any way, distinctly his own, to arrange a study to paint. But art in the South is developing, and students are coming to see what constitutes true art, and are beginning to apply these constituents in their own study. On the whole, we have come to feel hopeful: one of the "Sunny South"—Imogen Coulter—has had the honor of exhibiting some of her paintings in the Salon des Beaux Arts at Paris. Her painting was great enough to pass all of the judges who had to criticise it before it was accepted. Quoting from one of the papers of Paris there is this criticism: "There is

always great feeling and intensity, too, and Miss Coulter generally reproduces the soul and character of her model."

Now, after having given the vaguest outline of "What Art Is in the South," let me turn to the last clause in the theme: "What Art Should Be." Of course the first thing in art is the artist, as when thinking of poetry and music our minds naturally turn to the composer—we think of what constitutes a great composer; so in art we at once turn to the producer of art. For an artist to succeed in any degree, in his profession, either for the sake of art or for the money it brings to him, requires study. He should first of all study Nature. Sir Joshua Reynolds said: "The more the artist studies Nature, the nearer he approaches to the true and perfect ideas of art." Then, besides this, he has to study the fundamentals, to know perfectly the subject that he is to paint. Botany—if he is to be a painter of flowers; or if he is to make work from life, a thorough knowledge of anatomy is just as essential to him as "Fundamental Training" is to the musician, for indeed this is the "Fundamental Training" in art. So, in whatever branch of painting the artist desires to wield his brush, he must acquaint himself with the fundamental principles of that branch.

After he has made a complete study of the one branch which will be his life work to perfect, he enters a career of labor. His success depends upon his ability to draw correctly. So the artist should carefully study above everything else the subject in mass and get the general idea of the lights and shadows, and not work so much in detail. The main work of the artist is to train the eye and not to make false impressions; his greatest ambition is to appeal to the mind and not to the eye. For:

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily;
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

The artist's work should be to give just the needed lines and to give character to his work. Some one has said: "Study and labor cannot make every man an artist, but no one can succeed without them."

To accomplish anything, perseverance is one thing that is needful. To get discouraged when the work is severely criticised means not to become a great artist. Just here we may find a quotation from Ruskin, illustrating the fact that it takes a strong will to succeed: "In true art the hand, the head, and heart of man go together. But art is no recreation: it cannot be learned at spare moments, nor pursued when we have nothing better to do." It takes several years of hard, earnest work to attain any degree of proficiency, and the artist should always aspire to greater things—never being satisfied with what he has attained.

As in everything else, originality counts for a great deal in art. It has been said, and too often found to be true, that "Imitation is the means and not the end of art." For a pupil to enter into art and not to learn the rudiments first, is like a child who, not knowing music, is taught by the continual placing of the fingers on the piano keys by the teacher, until the child remembers where the fingers belong, to play a Mozart Sonata. There is nothing original in touch or expression. The real art student should learn to draw first, and to learn to draw so well that the image of the slope of lines always forces itself upon the mind. Learn to draw correctly and quickly and coloring seems almost like "second nature." If the masses of lights and shadows are clearly defined in drawing, the masses of lights and shadows in coloring will not be a great trouble, for in real art the object is to have character and not just a mass of colors.

The artist's individuality should not be crushed by copying. Copying is necessary in a degree, after the drawing has been mastered, but work from "Still Life" is good for the development of individuality. Instead of moulding the beginner's

mind to see as Millet or Rosa Bonheur, and always to think as they do, the student should be allowed to put his own ideas into practice, and who knows but that in some of the brains that have copied—copied—copied, there was slumbering an idea, which, if it had just been allowed to awaken, would have been worth more than either of these, though they were such great artists.

The work of art is to beautify, to elevate, and in doing this it should inspire a deeper love for the beautiful and for Nature. We find that one has said: "Art is unquestionably one of the purest and highest elements in human happiness. It trains the mind through the eye and the eye through the mind. As the sun colors flowers, so does art color life." In real representations in art, a picture of a perfect lily should give aspirations to become lily-like.

Lubbock says: "Great art is nothing else than the type of strong, noble life." May we hope that art in the South may be more thoroughly awakened and be only "Great Art."

An Afternoon at "Big Rocks."

LUOLA D. GAY, '08.

On May the seventh, nineteen hundred and five, a crowd of girls left the college campus for a walk to "Big Rocks." Before I tell you what we did though, let me give you a little idea of what "Big Rock" is like.

No other name could have suited this place so well. There are two large hills with a small stream running between them. One of the hills is covered with trees and a thick undergrowth, but the other is not. On the slope is a mass of large gray rocks piled up to the height of about fifty feet, and on the top of the hill are several more, but not nearly so large as the others. There is a small rock in the stream that is shaped something like a pair of steps, and the water running over it makes a very pretty little fall. Just at this time of the year, every tree was budding and flowers and grass were peeping up everywhere. You could look over the woods and see every shade of green imaginable.

There were seven of us in the party—all Fresh. Everybody knows that school girls love to eat, so we stopped on our way and bought some fruit. We had planned all of this before leaving, and each girl was to pay ten cents as her share, not one of us ever dreaming that we would need more. Well, we walked in the store and one of the girls ordered the things and asked what the bill was. The clerk replied, "Seventy-five cents." Maggie looked at me and then at the others—none of us knew what to say. Finally, Maggie said, "We haven't got but seventy cents," whereupon every one of us began to laugh. I believe the man thought it was a "put up" job at first, but he said that would be perfectly all right (I suppose that was because we were school girls) and we walked out, after assuring him that we would pay him the very next time any of us went down town. This little incident didn't

mar our pleasure one bit. We walked to "Big Rock" as happy a seven as you ever saw.

When we got there, we were so hungry that we decided that the only thing to do was to eat, so we spread our eatables on a rock and went to work. My! but it was good! Mr. Rhodes says that you positively must chew every mouthful thirty-two times; if you don't, it is possible and altogether probable that you will die of indigestion in less than a decade. However true this is, we didn't do it. When we finished eating, some of us went down to the water and made little water mills and played just like little folks. We spent the rest of the afternoon rambling through the woods and picking flowers.

About five o'clock we started back. We were all tired, but not too tired to sing and give our college yell. We stopped in an old field not far from town and gathered all the daisies we could conveniently carry.

No one thought of the five cents until we got almost to town, and not one of us wanted to go in and pay him. The job fell to me and I marched in and laid the five cents down. The man said it was all right, but he didn't hesitate to take it. It was nearly six o'clock when we walked inside the campus gate, and we were just as hungry as we were when we got to "Big Rock." We had a time long to be remembered, and though it has been nearly two years, the mentioning of "seven times ten makes seventy-five" brings back memories of one happy afternoon.

To the Violet.

R. B. S., '09.

Ah! sweet and innocent violet,
In your bed of tender green;
You could not guess, if you try,
What your presence here doth mean.

When our minds and eyes are tired,
And we've worked so hard all day;
Just a look at your sweet, modest face,
And the gloom all goes away.

Strange is it, dear little violet,
When our wandering glances fall
On you, by the side of other flowers;
We love you most of all.

Time passes bringing changes,
Winter comes, and you depart;
Leaving us to mourn your absence,
Leaving each a saddened heart.

The Poetry of Edgar Allan Poe.

BLANCHE HOLT, '09.

While I am not capable of judging the best writers of American literature, yet I cannot but feel a tinge of tenderness where I hear the name of Edgar Allan Poe spoken of. For poetic harmony he has had no equal certainly in America if, indeed, in the world.

He, the author of "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "Israfel," and "Lenore," was, in his peculiar sphere, the most brilliant writer, perhaps, who ever lived. His writings, however, belong to a different world of thought from that in which Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell lived and labored. Theirs was the realm of nature, of light, of human joy, of happiness, ease, hope and cheer. Poe spoke from the dungeon of depression. He was in a constant struggle with poverty. His whole life was a tragedy in which gloomy shades played an unceasing part, yet from out these weird depths came forth things so beautiful that their very sadness holds us in a spell of bewitching enchantment. His life is one of the saddest in literature—struggling in gloom and poverty with only here and there a ray of sunshine.

Is it a wonder to those who know the sad details of Poe's life that his sensitive, passionate nature sought surcease of sorrow in the nepenthe of the intoxicating cup! It was but natural for a man of his nervous temperament and delicacy of feeling to fall into that melancholy moroseness which would chide even the angels for taking away his beautiful "Annabel Lee;" or that he should wail over the "Lost Lenore," or declare that his soul should "nevermore" be lifted from the shadow of the "Raven" upon the floor.

These poems and others are but the expressions of disappointment and despair of a soul separated from happy human souls.

Both as a man and author there belongs to him a sad

fascination which, perhaps, belongs to no other writer in the world. It is natural for admirers of Poe's genius to contemplate with regret those circumstances and characteristics which made him so unhappy, and yet the serious question arises, was not that character of his unhappy life necessary to the productions of his wonderful pen? Let us suppose it was, and draw the mantle of forgetfulness over his misguided ways, covering the sad picture of his personal life from view, and hang in its place the portrait of his splendid genius, before which, with true American pride, we may summon all the world to stand with unveiled faces.

As a writer of short stories Poe had no equal in America. His skill in analysis is as marked as his word painting. As a poet he ranks among the most original in the world. It is useless to seek for sermons in his verses. They are not there. He brings into his poetry all the weirdness and mysteriousness that he can find, and to these he adds a musical flow of language which has never been equalled. To him poetry was musical and there was no poetry that was not musical.

Poe was also a fine reader and elocutionist. His voice was full of the deepest melody, which held his hearers in an indescribable awe.

"He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death; but in his fame he is immortal."

Liza Ann's Wedding.

'09.

"Miss Sallie done try ter git me fer ter war a blue frock when I gits married, but I goes in mournin' fer no nigger tel he dies, so I gwine ter war dis red frock," says Liza Ann, as she puts the finishing touches to her toilet. "What dat you says? Jim's er coming? Wal, I guess I's prutty's I'll ever be."

"Liza Ann, ole gal, you's a regler peach. Cain't yer give er feller a bus?" says Jim as he comes in to lead her in "de oder room," where Brer Jones is waiting to perform the ceremony.

"Naw!" snaps Liza Ann, "ain't I done tole you I don't kiss no nigger tel de knot done tied?" And they pass into the other room.

"Dearly beloved, I gwine ter jine Liza Ann and Jim inter one pusson, in de presence ob de Lawd and dese here niggers. If any you all got any jawin' ter do, yer better do it now, caze ef you don't it'll be too late," says Brer Jones, but as everyone is silent, he proceeds.

"Jim, will you take dis lady fer ter be yo' holy wife, ter feed her, clothe her and love her tel bof uv you dies?"

"Wal, yes, I reckon I will," responds Jim.

"Liza Ann, will you take dis here man fer ter be yo' holy wedding husban', ter patch his cloze, cook fer him and love him, tel you bofe dies."

Silence reigns for about five minutes, then Jim, who is getting uneasy, punches Liza Ann, and she exclaims loudly: "Wal, yes! Reckon I'll hafter; don' see no way fer ter git out'n it; he's been hangin' round dese six months."

"Wal, 'slute yer bride and den I ernounce yer man an' wife."

Jim bends over to kiss Liza Ann, whereupon she slaps him on the mouth, but could you have seen them on the way to

Jim's home, where the reception was held, you would have been convinced that Liza Ann repented her rash act.

During supper, some of the negro girls steal Liza Ann's cake for dream cake. On discovering this, Liza Ann calls out, "Whar's my cake? Who's got my cake? Some o' you good fer nothing gals got it ter dream off'n." And to quiet her, Jim gives her half of his.

When the time arrives for the dance to begin, Liza Ann declares "she gwine fer ter have white folks' dancin' at her 'cepshun," so she arranges their arms around each other, has the floor greased, and they begin by the tune of "Yankee Doodle." In less than five minutes the dancers are struggling to get up, for they have all fallen, as the floor was too slick for them. Finally they all get on their feet, and, after the floor is sprinkled with meal, begin the "reglir fo' in han' set," which lasts until four o'clock. Then they leave, wishing "Jim and Liza Ann a good time while dey lives."

Editorial Department

Editor-in-Chief.....	Ina Massey, '07
Business Manager.....	Estelle Daniel, '07
Literary Editors	{ Annie Crews, '08
	{ Lucy Ross, '08
Y. W. C. A. Department.....	Evelyn Matthews, '07
Current Comment.....	Mary F. Mayo, '08
Among Us.....	Lessie Fisher, '07
Have You Heard the Latest?.....	Amelia Meares, '07

With this issue of THE CHATTERBOX we make our first attempt to publish a college magazine. It has for several years seemed to be the prevailing thought that our college should have a monthly magazine, but no one had the enthusiasm to push the work to the front. Every one seemed to be afraid that she might have some work to do. We owe the publication of the present issue to the efforts and enthusiasm of our Professor of English, who said, "We must and therefore we shall have a college magazine."

We are glad to see so much enthusiasm already shown on the part of the student body, and we want all to feel that the pages of THE CHATTERBOX are open to the faculty and students, and to all friends who have a message that would interest or benefit our college home or any who are in touch with us. We solicit contributions and hope they will come in readily.

Every intelligent student must know that the success of our magazine depends not only on the faithful work of the editorial staff, but on the student body at large. We are certain that THE CHATTERBOX will have the hearty support of all who are interested in the happenings, growth and welfare of our college.

We hope that if this number has in any way disappointed any one's expectations that that person will recall the years

that are gone, and remember that the fruits of research and appearance of originality can come only to those who have delved long and patiently.

We experience a peculiar sense of pride when we think that this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our dear old college. We hope in the next issue to give something more definite of our plans for the oncoming commencement. Suffice it to say here that great things are being prepared and we are looking forward with boundless anticipation to that—the happiest occasion of all the year.

The past of our college is almost without equal. She has made a record of which her daughters are proud. Not once has she stooped to what was not pure and lofty and great. She has reared many daughters who have proven their country's pride. She is making rapid strides in educational advancement and today stands with a name as pure, a past as glorious, and a future as bright as any college in our nation. May her doors never shut out those daughters who long to be reared under her guardianship! May she ever stand as a monument to the cause of the highest and best that can be had in life!

It has not been practical to have an Exchange Department this time, but after this issue we hope to make this the very best department of THE CHATTERBOX. We have secured for the editor of this department, Miss Lottie Lee, and with her at the head of it, we feel no doubt as to the success she will make of it.

Y. W. C. A. Department

EVELYN MATTHEWS, '07.

Remembering the Association motto—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts"—realizing the importance of the Association to the spiritual life of every college, and the responsibility of their own high calling, the new officers of our Y. W. C. A. have gone into the work with energy and enthusiasm. They are Miss Cassie Griggs, President; Miss Annie Shotwell, Vice-President; Miss Edith Simmons, Secretary, and Miss Bernice Hornaday, Treasurer. Our Association is doing good work this year, and we have many reasons to be encouraged. Three evenings in the week are devoted to Y. W. C. A. work. Both student and faculty leaders are chosen for the Sunday night services, and these meetings are, in every case, well attended.

Special help and encouragement has come to the Association during the session in the way of visits from some of our leaders in Christian work and service. A month or so ago, we had as our guest Mrs. Nannie Curtis, of Texas, the traveling secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Curtis is very enthusiastic in the great cause that she so ably represents, and possesses in an unusual degree the gift, the happy faculty, of arousing in others the same enthusiasm. Her words were directed not only to the girls, but to the boys and men of the town as well, and she succeeded marvellously well in the task of showing the evil effects of the great curse of intemperance; and equally well did she succeed in enlisting their sympathies in the great battle against this evil. So far as practical results in our midst go, there is no room to doubt—more than seventy-five girls took the temperance pledge—an occasion made memorable for every one of them by the fact that Mrs. Curtis herself pinned on the little white ribbon bows. Last week the Association

was visited by Miss Casler, the travelling secretary for the Carolina associations. Her talk to the girls on Sunday night, in which she gave us an insight into the work of the city associations, was most interesting and helpful. She made us see and feel more clearly than ever the importance of the great work by bringing to our minds more forcibly the common ties that bind together common humanity.

Mrs. Lillian Bridges Stewart, so universally esteemed and admired as head teacher of English here last year, is this year teaching at Palmore Institute, Kobé, Japan. As a slight token of our interest in the work and in appreciation of her service, we have pledged ourselves to raise her salary—a sum of \$500. Already half the sum has been raised through subscription. Mrs. Stewart—or “Miss Bridges,” as we knew her—has many friends here who will watch her career with untiring interest, and who wish for her and Mr. Stewart the greatest possible success in their chosen field of labor.

A subject that we hope will prove interesting to many members of our Association—and indeed to the members of the Association everywhere—is the approaching conference at Asheville. The Conference convenes about the middle of June, when all the schools and colleges will have closed for vacation, and for many of us, it lies directly on the homeward route. No more ideal location could have been chosen than Asheville. The city is beautiful, and the mountain—and river—scenery most beautiful and inspiring. Aside from this—or perhaps I should say, closely connected with it—is the possibility of spiritual growth and development that the conference offers. Let us get it out of our minds that it is a place of frivolity and fun. Nothing could be further from the real spirit of the place. The conference is an occasion upon which students from all the colleges in our Southland come together to study, to learn, to be instructed by chosen leaders in the work of God, and to get renewed inspiration and fresh energy and enthusiasm for their own work. To many it has been a veritable mount of transfiguration, because there they have “walked and talked with God.”

Current Comment

MARY F. MAYO, '08.

One thing that is most needed for the development of the student body at large is to know more of what is happening in the world today. This department of THE CHATTERBOX should be one of the most important and the one most diligently read, as I am sure it will. We live, as it were, within the four walls of the college, knowing or thinking nothing of what is going on in this great big country of ours. Who would not become narrow? There is no person, however learned he may be, who would not become selfish, and whose views would not be narrowed if he knows nothing except what he and his next door neighbor are doing.

I say again that I think all readers of our journal should take great interest in this important department, and if they will do this, I am sure it will mean a great deal to the student body of Littleton College as well as all other readers.

Great Chinese Famine.

One of the greatest famines ever witnessed by human eye, or ever experienced by any human race, is now taking place in the country of China.

China has been threatened many times by famine, but never before has she suffered the horrors which the word famine really means to any nation. The beginning of the famine was water—heavy rainfall during spring and summer, swollen streams and canals, overflowing banks and submerged fields. The ancient canals are higher than the surrounding country and many of the canals remain submerged to this day. The chief crops of China are maize, buckwheat, beans and peanuts: it is not much of a rice-growing country—all the spring crops have been lost, and it will be impossible

to have another harvest before June or perhaps July. Everywhere are the terrible effects of this great disaster seen very plainly; in every coffin-shop in Central China the men are busy making rude coffins to bury the dead. Even then there are not enough coffins to go around and the children are being buried in small squares of matting. Any ceremony is out of the question; the mother's only sign of mourning is a white rag about the size of a lady's handkerchief worn on her head.

It is impossible for us to conceive of the miseries of over three million people; imagine this multitude subsisting on nothing but one bowl of rice to a family a day and, sometimes, not that. All "ate bitterness," as the quaint Chinese phrase for mental suffering has it.

The Chinese are said to be the most peaceful and most law-abiding people on earth. This is very probably true, for during January hordes of these starving people encamped just outside of the cities; about eighty thousand near Nanking, and about eighty thousand at Yangchow, besides many, many others. Yet we see no account of violations of the law. If the same thing were to take place in America we would see murder and strife as the result.

In most cases the people are very loyal to each other, but occasionally we find a man deserting his family and sometimes selling his children. Girls are especially sold for all sorts of purposes—usually not very good ones; sixty cents is considered a very fair price for a girl. Many of the traffickers in flesh and blood have gone from Shanghai into the famine district.

While some men are so unloyal, others are fidelity itself; they may be seen carrying their children around in wheelbarrows. Even with this desperate feeling of hunger knocking at the door of every Chinese hut, the natives still cling to life with a determination that is astonishing. Let every nation do what it can to aid China and then, thousands must

perish ; it is impossible to save them. A relief committee has been organized for the aid of these people and the good work has already begun, but even now each individual should take more interest in this affair and endeavor to do something to help these people who so much need help at this time. The feeling of public pity should remain with these suffering people and the voices of every nation should respond in one accord when they are called upon for aid.

The people of the United States, and
Child Labor. especially of the South, are very much interested in "child labor." Senator Beveridge has exercised every effort to have a Federal check put on the industrial employment of young children. The bill which he is endeavoring to have passed is to prohibit the transportation, in interstate commerce, of "the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years of age are employed, or permitted to work." Senator Beveridge asserts that there are in the country nearly two million bread-winners under fifteen years of age, and that many of these are required to work ten, twelve, and even more, hours a day. What can our country expect of the generations to come? These children, reaching what ought to be manhood and womanhood, become the parents of offspring inheriting their degeneracy, and these children, in their turn, grow up to produce other children still more degenerate. This bill should be passed ; there is no plausible reason why it should not. It is the business of the Federal Government to see that the bill is passed and that child labor is prohibited. The States cannot do this ; they, acting separately, are not competent to stop the evil.

In the South, children of nine and ten years of age are driven to the mills and factories almost in the dark, and they come home in the dark—that is not child labor—that is murder.

We feel sure that the bill will be passed and this great evil which is effecting the men and women of the whole world will be abolished in our country. Senator Beveridge is working hard to have the bill passed, and we feel sure that it can be done.

Great Liquor Law in South Carolina. The State Dispensary system by which South Carolina has for fourteen years regulated the liquor traffic, has been abolished by the State Legislature. The bill was passed last fall, although Senator Tillman, who instituted the State Dispensary, argued vigorously during the campaign. He attacked his opponents without mercy; his candidates were defeated, however, and many seem to think if there had been a strong opposing candidate for his seat in the Senate he himself would not have been re-elected. The people of the State have already become convinced that the State Dispensary was a source of corruption. If this bill is passed, it does not mean that there will be no more dispensaries in South Carolina—it means that the State has become a strictly local option State. That this method is more wholesome than the one it has abandoned is hardly doubtful.

Among Us

LESSIE FISHER, '07.

April 1st. Look out, girls!

Easter was cold and gloomy, much to the college girls' sorrow, as they had to wear long sleeves and coats to church.

Messrs. Kiker and Vickers, of Trinity College, spent Sunday and Monday in Littleton, and called several times to see friends at the college.

The girls enjoyed an egg hunt on the campus Monday morning, April 1st.

A number of the girls went home to spend Easter. They all report a good time.

The Senior Class gave an entertainment Monday night, April 1st. The whole affair was interesting and well gotten up. A large crowd was present, and everybody enjoyed it.

Mr. McCullen, presiding elder of Washington District, was with us several days ago, and made a helpful address—his theme being: "The Can Do Society."

The College Board of Trustees met here a short time ago. There were so many preachers present it seemed very much like commencement.

Miss Casler, travelling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spent Easter with us. Her talks were enjoyed by all who heard her.

Misses Mabel and Olive Harris visited friends and relatives in the college recently. After a short, but delightful stay, they returned to their home in Henderson, N. C.

Mr. Buffaloe, of Jackson, N. C., spent Saturday and Sunday with his daughter, Miss Martha.

Mrs. Ferguson, of Newsoms, Va., spent Easter in the college with her daughters, Misses Florrie and Mary.

Master Earl Hunt, Mrs. Rhodes' nephew, is visiting at the college.

Miss Mattie Pulliam went home Monday on account of ill health. We hope that a rest will prove beneficial.

Mr. and Mrs. Schlichter, of Norfolk, spent some time recently with their daughter, Miss Rena.

Miss Luola Gay has gone home. Miss Gay's many friends here regret her withdrawal from college.

One of the recent items of interest is the organization of the Scientific Club. The meetings have been interesting and splendidly attended.

We were glad, some weeks ago, to have Professor Carlyle, of Wake Forest College, lecture to us from the subject, "Woman's Work in Twentieth Century Civilization."

President Rhodes has just returned from attendance upon an educational conference at Trinity College, and the Durham District Conference, at Burlington. He reports an enjoyable time, and says he heard lots of nice things about daughters of Littleton College.

Miss Edith Simmons, who, on account of ill health, went down to Halifax, N. C., a few weeks ago, for recuperation, returned to the college April 6th. She is again looking and feeling fine! She brought back two friends, Misses Virgie Butts and Lizzie Fenner, of Halifax, N. C., who are visiting in the college.

Miss Ethel Woodard has gone to Whitakers, N. C., to spend Sunday with her home people.

STUDENT RECITAL.

The student recital given on last Saturday evening, March 30th, was quite a success—both music and expression pupils doing themselves honor. The perfect attention of the audience—several of whom were visitors at the college for Easter—proved that the recital was thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Cleveland kindly consented to read for us, and, as will be seen from the program given below, gave “The Soul of the Violin”—Margaret Merrill. She not only *told* us of the soul of “Cremona,” but, indeed, made us *feel* that it had a soul—the “spiritual content” of music.

PROGRAM.

1. Duett—RosettaBohm
Margaret Lewis and Yuma Floyd.
2. Piano Solo—Evening Zephyrs.....Armstrong
Harriette Ross.
3. Song—Swing Song.....Gerritt Smith
Florrie Ferguson.
4. Piano Solo—Plantation Dance.....Meyer
Johnnie Elliott.
5. Reading—At Auntie’s House.....J. W. Riley
Evelyn Walker.
6. Piano Solo—Chant du Paysan.....Rendands.
Louise Shepherd.
7. Duett—Evening Chimes and Scherzo.....
Vela Walker and Evelyn Matthews.
8. Reading—Making Love in a Balloon.....L. Mosley
Gertrude Stanfield.
9. Piano Solo—Chant des Fleurs.....Ascher
Anabel Farabow.
10. Round—Three Blind Mice.....
Glee Club.
11. Piano Solo—Slumber Song.....Schumann
Sophia Forbes.
12. Reading—The Soul of the Violin.....M. Merrill
Miss Cleveland.

Have You Heard the Latest

AMELIA MEARES, '07.

THE BELLS A LA L. F. C.

(With apologies to Mr. Edgar Allan Poe.)

Hear old Pegrin with his bell,

The rising bell!

What a tale of beef-hash now its ringings do foretell

How it jangles, jangles, jangles,

Through the morning clear and bright,

While the dreams that still o'ersprinkle

Our closed eyelids, have to twinkle

Back to Nappy's house and night.

You must be on time, time, time,

If you ever hope to climb

To where the 9's and 10's are—get up with the bell,

Bell, bell, bell,—

With the jangling of the awful rising-bell.

Hear the false alarm bell—

Dinner bell!

What a tale of beef-hash now its ringings do foretell.

In the ears of famished girls!—

How they howl and scream in whirls—

Too hungry now to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the waiter

In a mad expostulation to get us each a tater,

Yelling higher, higher, higher

With a desperate desire

And a resolute endeavor

Now to eat or never,

Like a loon!

Hear the tolling of the bell,

The room bell!

What a world of tongues let loose its mellow notes compel!

How we shiver with delight

As we kiss our chums good-night,

To the most delightful 'companionment of its tune!

And every word that floats

From our loving, cooing throats

Is a spoon!

But the teachers—ah, the teachers,

They whose ears are such far-reachers—

You forget *them*—they will *get* you!—get to bed!—at
the ringing of the bell,

Bell, bell, bell,

At the ringing of the last retiring bell.

* * *

Miss L. (very dramatically reading the closing lines from Julius Cæsar):

“And the *elephants* so mixed in him,

That Nature might stand up and say to all the world,

‘This was a *man!*’ ”

* * *

Mr. Rhodes, in chapel—“Young ladies, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Dr. McCullen.”

Dr. McCullen—“This is the second time I have ever been Doctored. All cab-drivers call me Doctor.”

* * *

Mrs. Rhodes, to the girls who were starting on a picnic—
“Girls, don’t forget your shoes.”

* * *

Miss Lanham to Miss Cogdell, in Pedagogy Class—“In punishing children should you consider their temperature?” (temperament).

A Junior, on seeing the picture of George Eliot in her English book—"Well, that man certainly does look like a woman!"

* * *

Miss Hydrick in Geometry Class—"To inscribe, Miss York, in a fifteen-sided polygon."

* * *

Junior—"I don't see why people should condemn *all* dime novels, because some of the best books now are sold for a dime."

Senior—"Well, I don't know; some may be."

Junior—"Yes, they are. They even have Bibles in paper bindings."

* * *

The Science Teacher (in chemistry)—"Of what two elephants (elements) is water composed?"

* * *

Miss Gertrude Stanfield's exalted opinion of life—"I believe we were put here to like the boys."

* * *

Miss Betts—"Compare top."

Freshman—"Top, topper, toppest."

* * *

Discussing Burn's poems at the Senior table:

First Senior—"I think 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' is the best."

Second Senior—"No, Gray's 'Elegy' is the best."

* * *

Miss Hydrick, coming in the physics recitation room with an apparatus that illustrated the pendulum.

Miss Crews—"Is that a tuning-fork?"

* * *

Miss Lanham—"Where is the River Styx?"

Bright Soph.—"In Africa."

A Sophomore to Librarian—"Please tell me where 'The Two Strings' is."

Librarian—"There is no such book here; perhaps it is the 'Double Thread' you want." (And it was.)

* * *

Two Seniors studying Shakespeare and seeing a reference to Titus Andronicus:

First Senior—"Well, who was he? It seems that I know."

Second Senior—"He was a man in Latin, I think."

First Senior—"No, I know. He was a Bible man."

* * *

There was a young class named '07,
Who thought L. F. C. would be heaven;
But, having dwelt on the spot,
They found it was not—
This unhappy young class named '07!

* * *

Absent-minded Junior to her room-mate, on retiring—"Amelia, when the first whistle wakes, blow me up."

* * *

Miss L., in English class, quoting from Keats' Ode to a Nightingale:

"Miss H., Keats speaks of 'Bacchus and his pards.' What are *pards*?"

Miss H. (with a confident manner)—"Why, pards are old friends!"

* * *

Falling Register—Department Grades!

* * *

Miss Moreno—"Oh, I believe I've got the appendicitis!"

Miss Reel—"Well, where is the appendix anyway; in the throat?"

* * *

Miss Lanham—"Who was Hyperion?"

Miss G. Stanfield—"Longfellow."

Miss Deitz passing a sweetgum tree, on which were hanging the gum balls:

"Say, Helen, let's stop and get some persimmons."

* * *

Miss Hearne—"We saw a big light out east from the college last night."

Miss Deitz—"It was the aurora borealis."

* * *

Miss Lanham to the Junior Class—"What are some of Robert Burns' works?"

Miss York—"Pilgrim's Progress."

* * *

Miss Walker—"Where does Bessie Harris live?"

Miss Gay—"Out there at that house where you see the yawning (awning) in front of the porch."

* * *

Dearly beloved Sisteren, do you not fear

To kneel and say your prayers when your section-teacher's
near?

Dearly beloved Sisteren, is it not true

That you must give reports for *everything* you do?

Chumming, talking, laughing—e'en changing *winter's
clothes—*

All these, dear friends, a virtuous teacher most eternally
loathes.

And if at the end of nine long weeks, a pious child you've
been,

You'll be rewarded for your pains by a great immense
big "10."

* * *

"What are the Seniors howling for?" said Fresh-on-Parade.

"Deportment grades, deportment grades," the knowing
Junior said.

Organizations

Class of 1907

President.....Evelyn Matthews
 Vice-President....Sophia Forbes
 Secretary.....Estelle Daniel
 Treasurer.....Louise Goode
 Poet.....Amelia Meares
 Historian.....Ina Massey

Class of 1908

President.....Annie Crews
 Vice-President.....Mary Mayo
 Secretary.....Helen Earnhardt
 Treasurer.....Edith Simmons
 Poet and Hist....Clara Hearne

Class of 1909

President.....Emma Taylor
 Vice-President....Sallie Jordan
 Secretary.....Mary Lowder
 Treasurer.....Josephine Boyce
 Poet.....Julia Bailey
 Historian.....Mollie Stephenson

Class of 1910

President.....Evelyn Walker
 Vice-President...Pauline Cherry
 Secretary...Pauline Stikeleather
 Treasurer.....Boyd Thorne
 Poet.....Macie Coble
 Historian.....Cora Womble

Eunomian Literary Society

President.....Lessie Fisher
 1st Vice-President.Eunice Bryan.
 2nd Vice-President.Mary Sledge
 Rec. Secretary....Louise Goode
 Cor. Secretary...Maybelle Griggs
 Treasurer.....Sallie Jordan

Hyperion Literary Society

President.....Virginia Hale
 1st Vice-President..Annie Crews
 2nd Vice-Pres....Rosina Morena
 Rec. Secretary.....Mary Mayo
 Cor. Secretary.....May Spence
 Treasurer.....Annie Shotwell

Y. W. C. A.

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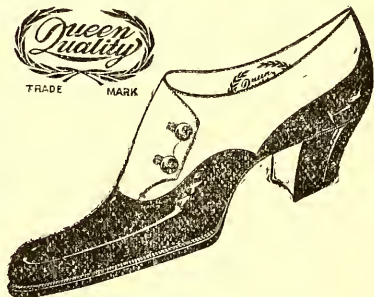
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